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TRADITIONAL BALLADS IN NEBRASKA¹

BY LOUISE POUND

FOR some years the present writer has tried to recover what she could, and to learn what she could, of traditional balladry in her home State; this without formal effort or systematic canvass, but as occasion offered. In large part the reports and contributions of students and friends who happened to be interested have been relied upon.² The results attained thus far are by no means comparable with those of collectors like Mr. Phillips Barry for the New England coast, Professor Hubert Shearin for the Cumberland Mountain region, Professor H. M. Belden for Missouri, or Professor J. A. Lomax for the Southwest; but, on the other hand, they have not been wholly inconsiderable, nor are they without their interest. Nebraska is not a very old State; and its population is somewhat heterogeneous, derived from varying sources. It has, so far as I have yet discovered, no very old or stable communities, no isolated inbred communities, among which balladry best thrives, like those in the Cumberland Mountains, or like many in the Ozarks. All in all, texts of some three dozen pieces have been recovered by this time, many of course not complete; of some, only a stanza or two. In the case of several, numerous varying texts have come to hand; in the case of others, but a single version.³ It is to be noted at the outset that but few of the pieces to be enumerated, though recovered in Nebraska, were learned in Nebraska by those recalling them. Almost without exception, they were brought from elsewhere, — from Virginia, Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, Indiana. Herein there is difference from the more indigenous material gathered by Professor Shearin in Kentucky and Tennessee, by the Missouri Folk-Lore Society, or by Professor Lomax in the Southwest. In almost every case, too, they were taken down from the mouths of older people. The younger generation, having more and more limitless reading-

¹ From a paper read before the Ethnology and Folk-Lore Section of the Nebraska Academy of Sciences, at its annual meeting, May 10, 1912. An introduction dealt with present-day interest in the collection of traditional ballads; and the concluding part, with some generalizations from the material outlined, its possible bearing on certain disputed points in ballad criticism.

² Special acknowledgment is due to Miss Edna Fulton, Miss Sarah Harrington, Miss Jeanne Allen, Miss Amy Shellman, Miss Elsie Cather, Professor H. C. House, and other contributors.

³ Since this article was written, the Nebraska collection has received additions, until, at the present time (1913), it numbers several hundred pieces.

matter at command, cares relatively little for committing to memory traditional verse. It is better at securing material from its parents or grandparents than at furnishing it at first-hand.

For the suggestions made to collectors and contributors, I am indebted to those formulated and sent out by the Missouri Folk-Lore Society.¹

Let me now attempt to classify roughly, and to sketch in outline, some of the traditional ballads recovered in Nebraska.

I. ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH POPULAR BALLADS

The most interesting group includes wanderers from the Old World, — songs brought from England or Scotland, which have lived by oral transmission on the lips of pioneers and emigrants. They may easily be identified by comparison with their parallels, as printed in Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry" (1765), or in later and fuller ballad collections, like Professor Child's five-volume "English and Scottish Popular Ballads" (1882-98).

An especially well-known ballad of this type is "Barbara Allen's Cruelty" (Child, 84). There are many Nebraska variants of this ballad. All tell the familiar story of Barbara's heartlessness, Sweet William's death of a broken heart, and her death of remorse.

It was in the merry month of May
When the green buds were a-swelling,
Sweet William on his death bed lay
For the love of Barbary Allen.

Most of the versions agree in closing with the familiar brier-rose motive, usually associated with the ballad next cited.

Another special favorite is "Lord Lovel" (Child, 75). Bidding farewell to Lady Nancy Bell (Anciebel, etc.), Lord Lovel goes on a journey.

"Oh where are you going, Lord Lovel?" she said,
"Oh where are you going?" said she.
"I'm going, my Lady Nancy Bell,
Strange countries for to see, see, see,
Strange countries for to see."

In some versions, as pointed out, the close crosses with that of "Barbary Allen."

The ballad "The House Carpenter" seems to be a New-World representative of "James Harris" (Child, 243), sometimes called "The Demon Lover." The one text recovered was brought to Nebraska from Aledo, Ill. It is printed on pp. 360, 361.

¹ *A Partial List of Song-Ballads and Other Popular Poetry Known in Missouri.* Printed by the Missouri Folk-Lore Society, 1907. Reprinted, 1910.

"Black Jack Daly," or "The Gipsy Laddie" (Child, 200) entices a lady from her husband and child by his singing. Only one stanza could be recalled by the contributor, who learned the piece in Nodoway County, Missouri; but that stanza is sufficient to establish connection with the well-known British ballad.

The gipsy come tripping over the plain,
The gipsy he sung bravely;
He sung till he made the wild woods ring
To charm the heart of a lady.

A version has been published by Professor Belden in this *Journal* (vol. xix, pp. 294-295).

In the ballad "Lord Bakeman" (Bacon, Bateman, — Young Beichan in Child, 53), the hero is rescued from his Turkish prison by his captor's daughter. She follows him, seven years later, to his own country, arrives on the eve of his wedding to another, and herself becomes his bride. With this piece seems to be identical the "Lord Bayham" of a manuscript book of ballads coming to Nebraska from Indiana.

The Turks they had one only daughter,
She was as fair as fair could be;
She stole the keys of her father's prison
And vowed Lord Bayham she would set free.

Another emigrant from the Old World is the familiar ballad known variously as "Lord Randal," "Lord Ronald," etc. (Child, 12). Professor Child makes a study of fifteen or more variants of this ballad, and Mr. Phillips Barry has found it widely current on the Atlantic coast. The identity of the Western variant, brought by the contributor from a railway camp in Colorado, is unmistakable. All the conventional features of the British "Lord Randal" — the poison, the legacy, the iteration, the dialogue — are present, though modified to suit New-World circumstances. This text has been printed in "*Modern Language Notes*," vol. xvii, 1 (January, 1902).

Identical in story and structure with "The Twa Brothers" (Child, 49) is the ballad "Two Little Boys," brought to Nebraska from Nodoway County, Missouri, by its contributor. In setting or background, and in expression, this piece has departed pretty far from its Old-World original; yet there can be little doubt as regards its pedigree. It is printed in full on pp. 361, 362.

Except for "Lord Randal" and "The Twa Brothers," most of these English or Scottish popular ballads have, as yet at least, suffered few essential modifications in their new home. What changes they show are mostly in the way of substituting the known for the unknown,

as in the case of folk-etymologizing explanation of unfamiliar or archaic words. An example is the change of "St. Pancras' church," of the British version, to "St. Patrick's church," in the ballad "Barbary Allen."

There are also a few importations from Ireland which have reached Nebraska. One instance at least may be cited, — the ballad of "William Reilly," or "The Colleen Bawn," the text of which was brought by the contributor from Indiana. This ballad appears to have originated in County Ulster, Ireland. It tells the story of a young farmer who eloped with the daughter of his wealthy master, was caught, imprisoned on a charge of theft, but finally escaped with his Colleen Bawn.

Her father full of anger most scornfully did frown
Saying, "Here are your wages, now, sir, depart from this town."
Increasing still his anger, he bade me quick begone,
"For none but a rich squire shall wed my Coolen Bawn."

The foregoing are instances enough to confront us unmistakably with the fact of the emigration to America, and the presence, even in the mid-West, of many of the traditional songs of our Old-World ancestors.

The next group of ballads recovered in Nebraska testifies to somewhat the same phenomenon, but their origin and history are more obscure. Perhaps they may most conveniently be classified as

II. SENTIMENTAL AND OTHER PIECES OF BRITISH ORIGIN

Although they are not so well known as the preceding group, the following pieces have considerable currency. Some of them have often been reported by other collectors. The first five are from a manuscript book of ballads, dating from before the war, which was brought to Nebraska from Indiana. Save in the case of the popular singing-games included, but a single text of each piece was recovered.

In "The Drowsy Sleeper," or "The Bedroom Window" the lover under the window urges the maiden to ask her mother, then her father, if she may marry him.

"Arouse, arouse, ye drowsy sleepers,
Arouse, arouse, 'tis almost day" —

The maiden refuses his urging, and asks him to leave; to which he responds, —

"I wish I was down in some lonesome valley,
Where I could neither see nor hear,
My food it should be grief and sorrow,
My drink, it would be the briny tear."¹

¹ [Compare this *Journal*, vol. xx, pp. 260-261; Belden, *Herrig's Archiv*, vol. cxix, pp. 430-431.]

In "The Rich Young Farmer," a rich young farmer is sent away by his true-love's parents. He returns in disguise, finds her mourning for him, and they are happily re-united.

"The Lover's Return," or "The Banks of Clowdy," has a theme somewhat similar. It is printed on pp. 362, 363.

"The Prentice Boy" (*Cupid's Garden*) tells of a young man, banished by his true-love's father, who wins a fortune of twenty thousand pounds in a lottery. He returns to England, finds his true-love waiting, and they are married. Printed on pp. 363, 364.

"The Death of a Romish Lady" tells the story of a lady who became a convert to Protestantism, possessed a Bible, and would not "bow to idols." For this her cruel mother had her brought before priests and burned.¹

There lived a Romish lady
Brought up in proper array,
Her mother ofttimes told her
She must the priest obey.

"Mary O' the Wild Moor" tells how Mary returns with her child one winter's night to her father's door. He does not hear her call, and in the morning finds her dead, though the child is alive.

'Twas on a cold winter's night,
When the wind blew across the wild moor,
That Mary came wandering home with her child,
Till she came to her dear father's door.

"O father, dear father," she cried,
"Come down and open the door,
Or the child in my arms it will perish and die,
By the winds that blow 'cross the wild moor."²

In the spirited ballad "Father Grumble," which was learned by the contributor in Kansas, Father and Mother Grumble exchange tasks for the day, and the former comes to grief. This is printed on pp. 365, 366.

Here may be classed, for convenience, the familiar and widely current song, or singing-game, —

King William was King James's son,
And all the royal race was run.

¹ [Versions have been printed by Miss Dorothy J. Robinson (*Home Mission Monthly*, New York, December, 1908, vol. xxiii, pp. 28-29) and Professor Lomax (*The North Carolina Booklet*, Raleigh, N. C., July, 1911, vol. xi, pp. 41-42). — G. L. K.]

² [See Frank Kidson, *Traditional Tunes*, 1891, pp. 77-78. There are broadside copies in the Harvard College Library, 25242.4, II, 59; 25242.17, II, 130, IV, 17; 25241.29, I, 140. — G. L. K.]

This is more a song, or singing-game, than a ballad; but it is plainly an English importation. It sounds as though it derived from about 1688, when William of Orange succeeded James the Second, but such may not be the case.¹

Here also may be entered for convenience the familiar singing-game, —

London Bridge is falling down, falling down, falling down,
London Bridge is falling down, my fair lady.

Some songs of Old-World origin existing alongside these pieces, learned orally and handed down in oral tradition, are "Poor Babes in the Woods," —

"O my dears don't you know how a long time ago,
There were two little children, their names I don't know,
Were stolen away one bright summer day,
And lost in the woods, yes lost far away?" —

and the Irish "Shamus O'Brien," —

"O Shamus O'Brien I'm loving you yet,
And my heart is still trusting and kind."

The following quaint little song, entitled "Lavender," was contributed as "learned from a lady by my aunt, about 1866, who taught it to my mother, who taught it to me:" —

When the sun comes over the hill
And the little birds they sing so cheerily,
I my little basket fill,
And trudge along to the village merrily;
Light my bosom, light my heart,
I can smile at Cupid's dart,
I keep myself, my sister, brother,
And only care to sell my lavender;
Ladies try it, gentlemen buy it,
Come, come, buy my lavender.

Especially well known is the vivacious piece, in dialogue form, in which "Billy Boy" responds to questions as to his courting: —

"O where have you been, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
O where have you been, charming Billy?"
"I have been for a wife,
She's the treasure of my life,
She's a young thing but can't leave her mother."

¹ [Compare Newell, *Games and Songs of American Children*, 1884, pp. 73-75.]

He is asked whether she can make a cherry-pie, a feather bed, a loaf of bread, can milk a "muly cow," etc., and gives humorous replies.¹

III. AMERICAN BALLADS

Collection of these has begun relatively recently, and perhaps it is better to attempt no very exact classification of them at present. For the most part, they are associated with American political and social history. How wide may be their diffusion is not yet fully determined. The following have been recovered in Nebraska:—

"The Texas Rangers" treats of a fight between Texans and Indians.

Come all you Texas Rangers wherever you may be,
I'll tell you of some trouble which happened unto me.

.

Our Captain he informed us, perhaps he thought 'twas right,
Before we reached the station he was sure we'd have to fight.²

"Young Charlotte" tells how Charlotte was frozen to death at her lover's side when going to a Christmas ball.³

"Such a dreadful night I never saw,
The reins I scarce can hold."
Young Charlotte faintly then replied:—
"I am exceeding cold."

He cracked his whip, he urged his steed,
Much faster than before,
And thus five other dreary miles
In silence were passed o'er.

Spoke Charles:—"How fast the freezing ice
Is gathering on my brow!"
And Charlotte still more faintly said:—
"I'm growing warmer now."

There is genuine literary quality in "The Lone Prairie," which has attained wide oral diffusion.

"O bury me not on the lone prairie,"
These words came low and mournfully
From the pallid lips of a youth who lay
On his dying bed at close of day.

.

¹ [For this favorite song see Halliwell, *Nursery Rhymes*, 5th and 6th eds., pp. 226-227; the same, *Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales*, 1849, pp. 259-260; Rimbault, *A Collection of Old Nursery Rhymes*, pp. 34-35; Baring Gould, *A Book of Nursery Songs and Rhymes*, 1895, pp. 36-39; cf. Baring Gould and Sheppard, *A Garland of Country Song*, 1895, p. 83. For the Scottish "My Boy Tammie" (or "Tammy's Courting"), by Hector Macneill, see [Peter Ross] *The Songs of Scotland*, 3d ed., 1893, p. 308; Halliwell, *Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales*, 1849, pp. 260-261. — G. L. K.]

² See Lomax, *Cowboy Songs*, pp. 44-46.

³ Compare Barry, this *Journal*, vol. xx, pp. 367-373; vol. xxv, pp. 158-168.

"O bury me not on the lone prairie,
Where the wild coyotes will howl o'er me,
In a narrow grave just six by three,
O bury me not on the lone prairie."¹

It has often been pointed out that this is an adaptation of a seamen's song, sometimes known as "The Sailor's Request," —

"O bury me not in the deep deep sea,
Where the billowy shroud will roll o'er me," —

which is accessible in printed form. All sense of its origin was of course long since lost by those singing it.

Of "The Cowboy,"² the contributor could recall fragments only, —

As I rode down by Tom Sherman's old barroom,
Tom Sherman's old barroom, so early one day,
Oh who should I spy there but a handsome young cowboy,
All dressed in white linen, all dressed for the grave.

.

O bear the news gently to my gray-headed mother,
O bear the news gently to my sisters so dear,
In yon grassy graveyard go throw the sod o'er me

.

"The Stepmother" tells of the feelings of a girl whose father has newly remarried, —

The marriage rite is over, and oh I turn aside
To keep the guests from seeing the tears I cannot hide.
I wreath my face in smiles and lead my little brother
To greet my father's chosen, but I cannot call her mother.

.

They've taken my mother's picture from its accustomed place,
And hung beside my father's a fairer younger face,
I know my father gives her the love he bore another,
But if she were an angel I could not call her mother.

.

"The Model Church" is the title of a piece in which an old man describes to his wife his finding of the "model church."

The sexton did not set me down
Away back by the door.
He knew that I was old and deaf,
And saw that I was poor.
He must have been a Christian man,
For he led me right through
The crowded aisles of that grand church
To find a pleasant pew.

¹ Lomax, *Cowboy Songs*, pp. 3-8; see Barry, this *Journal*, vol. xx, p. 372, note 2.

² [Lomax, pp. 74-76; this *Journal*, vol. xii, p. 250; vol. xxii, pp. 258-259; vol. xxv, pp. 153-154; cf. Barry, *Ibid.*, vol. xxiv, p. 341, note 2.]

"The Dying Californian," sometimes called "The Dying Brother's Farewell," gives the speech of a dying man to his brother. It consists of messages to his father, mother, and wife, —

Lay up nearer, brother, nearer,
For my limbs are growing cold,
And thy presence seemeth dearer
When thy arms around me fold;
I am dying, brother, dying,
Soon you'll miss me in your berth,
For my form will soon be lying
'Neath the ocean's briny surf.

The model for this piece was evidently the "I am dying, Egypt, dying," of William Haines Lytle's well-known poem, "Antony to Cleopatra."

"The Death of James A. Garfield" was reported by the contributor as "sung by school-children at Cambridge, Nebraska," —

My name is Charles Guiteau,
My name I'll never deny;
I left my aged parents
In sorrow for to die,
For the killing of James A. Garfield
Upon the scaffold high.

Two partial texts of a ballad entitled "Jesse James" were recovered. The first version was learned from the singing of a farm hand. The second was brought to Nebraska from Illinois.

Little Robert Ford was one of the gang,
And how his heart did crave;
For he ate of Jesse's bread,
And he slept in Jesse's bed,
Then he laid poor Jesse James in his grave.

The well-known ballads "The Days of Forty-Nine"¹ and "Betsy from Pike," are, I have been told, known in Nebraska; but I have been unable to secure texts. Nor have I found versions of certain Civil War ballads, and various religious and comic or humorous songs, such as have been found elsewhere. One contributor reported knowledge of "The Little Old Sod Shanty," of which Professor Lomax gives a complete version,² —

The hinges are of leather, and the windows have no glass,
While the board roof lets the howling blizzard in,
And I hear the hungry coyote as he slinks up through the grass,
Round the little old sod shanty on my claim.

But he was unable to provide even a partial text.

¹ Lomax, *Cowboy Songs*, pp. 9-11.

² *Ibid.*, pp. 187-189. For the history of this piece, see a forthcoming note, by the present author, in *Modern Language Notes*, 1914.

Favorite songs on ranches are "Juanita" and "Lorena," well known over Nebraska, and having well-authenticated origins, the work of known composers. To these songs may be added, for some communities, "Swinging in the Lane," or "Rosie Nell," "Beautiful Bird of Spring," the moralizing "Father, Dear Father, Come Home with Me Now," and that old favorite, "Backward, Turn Backward, O Time, in Thy Flight." All these have been handed down and diffused by oral tradition, and thus far have suffered little modification.

SELECTED TEXTS IN FULL

Texts of the following pieces, having special interest, are printed entire.

THE HOUSE CARPENTER (Child, No. 243)

(Reported by S. J. Mason of Lincoln, Neb., as learned from oral tradition at Aledo, Mercer County, Illinois.)¹

1. "Well met, well met, my own true love,
Well met, well met," says he,
"I've just returned from the salt, salt sea,
And it's all for the sake of thee.
2. "I could have married a king's daughter fair,
And she fain would have married me,
But I refused her crowns of gold,
And it's all for the sake of thee."
3. "If you could have married a king's daughter fair,
I think 'twould have been your plan,
For I have marry-ed a house carpenter,
And I think him a nice young man."
4. "If you'll forsake your house carpenter,
And go along with me,
I'll take you where the grass grows green
On the banks of Italy."
5. She called her babe unto her knee,
And kisses gave it three,
Saying, "Stay at home, you pretty little babe,
Keep your father's company."
6. She dressed herself in scarlet red,
Most glorious to behold,
And as they sailed the ports all round,
She shone like the glittering gold.
7. They had not aboard the ship two weeks,
I'm sure it was not three,
When the fair lady began for to weep,
And she wept most bitterlylally.

¹ See also this *Journal*, vol. xviii, pp. 207-229; vol. xix, pp. 295-297; vol. xx, pp. 257-258; *Modern Language Notes*, vol. xix, p. 230.

8. "O, is it for my gold that you weep,
Or is it for my store,
Or is it for your house carpenter,
Whom you ne'er shall see no more?"
9. "It is not for your gold that I weep,
Nor neither for your store,
But I do mourn for the pretty little babe
That I left on the other shore."
10. They had not been on board three weeks,
I'm sure it was not four,
When this gallant ship she sprang a leak,
And she sank for to rise no more.
11. A curse, a curse to that young man,
And a curse to the seaman's life,
A-robbing of the house carpenter
And a-stealing away his wife!

TWO LITTLE BOYS (Child, No. 49)

(Reported by Mrs. Eliza E. Shelman, as sung in Nodaway County, Missouri, twenty or thirty years ago. Contributed by her daughter, Miss Amy Shellman, 1908.)

1. Two little boys going to school,
Two little boys they be;
Two little boys going to school
To learn their A B C.
2. "O, will you toss a ball with me,
Or will you throw a stone?
Or will you wrestle along with me
On the road as we go home?"
3. "I will not toss a ball with you,
Nor will I throw a stone,
But I will wrestle along with you,
On the road as we go home."
4. They wrestled up, they wrestled down,
They wrestled around and around,
And a little penknife run through John's pocket,
And he received a deadly wound.
5. "Take off, take off my fine cotton shirt,
And tear it from gore to gore,
And bind it around that bloody bloody wound,
That it may bleed no more."
6. So I took off his fine cotton shirt,
And tore it from gore to gore,
And bound it around that bloody bloody wound,
So it would bleed no more.

7. "O what shall I tell your mother, John,
If she inquires for you?"
"O, tell her I've gone to the royal school
My books to bring home."
8. "O what shall I tell your sister, John,
If she inquires for you?"
"O, tell her I've gone down to the city,
Some friends for to see."
9. "O, what shall I tell your true love, John,
If she inquires for you?"
"O, tell her I'm dead and lying in my grave,
Way out in Idaho."

THE LOVER'S RETURN

The following song is from a manuscript book of ballads brought to Nebraska from Indiana, and belonging to Miss Edna Fulton, of Lincoln, Neb. It is printed as it stands in the manuscript, except for the numbering of the stanzas.

[The piece is a version of the well-known "Banks of Claudy," for which see F. Kidson, "Traditional Tunes," 1891, pp. 88-90; Christie, "Traditional Ballad Airs," vol. ii, pp. 70-71; *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, vol. i, pp. 19-20, vol. iii, pp. 287-289; Robert Ford, "Vagabond Songs and Ballads of Scotland," 2d series, 1901, pp. 211-213. The Harvard College Library has several broadside copies in the collection numbered 25242.17 (II, 13; IV, 33, 125; V, 50; VII, 191; IX, 20; XI, 146). "The Banks of Clady" in the Boswell Chapbooks (Harvard College), XXVIII, 30, XXIX, 36, and in Harvard broadside 25242.4, I, 204, is a different song. — G. L. K.]

THE LOVER'S RETURN

1. It was on one munday morning in may
Down by a flowery garden I chanced for to stray
I over heard a fair mind with sorrow to complain
All on the banks of clowdy I am told she doth remain.
2. I stepped away unto her I took her with surprise
She owned she did not now me for I was in disguise
Oh my handsom fair maid my joy and hearts delight
How far have you to ramble this dark and rainy night
3. Kind sir away to clowdy would you be pleased to show
Be kind unto a fair miss for there I haf to go
I am on the search for a young man and Ione is his name
All on the banks of clowdy I am told he doth remain.
4. It's on the banks of clowdy on which you boldly stand
For dont you beleive young Ione for he will not meet you
O dont you believe young Ione for he is a faulse young man
So stay with me in the green groves no danger need fear.

5. If Ione he was here this night he would keep me from all harm
But he is in the field of battle dressed in his uniform
He is in the field of Battle his foes he doth defy
He is like the kings of honor he is in the wars to try
6. It has been six months or better since Ione left the shore
A sailing the wide ocian where raging billows rore
A sailing the wide ocian with horror and great gain
The ship has been recked as I have been told all on the cost of Spain.
7. When she heard this dreadful she sunk into despair
A ringing of her hands and a taring of her hair
Saying if Ione he is drowned no other will I take
In some lonesome grove or vally I will die for his sake.
8. When he beheld her royalty he could no longer stand
He flew into her arms crying Betsy I am the man
I am your royal true love the cause of all your pain
And since we have met on clowdy's banks we never shall part again.

THE PRENTICE BOY

From a manuscript book of ballads brought to Nebraska from Indiana. Dated in the manuscript "1844." In the manuscript the stanzas are not divided or numbered. [The text is almost identical with that in "The Forget-Me-Not Songster" (New York, Nafis & Cornish), pp. 197-198. There is a copy in "The Cheerful Songster," pp. 7-8, among the Boswell Chap-books (XVII, No. 17) in the Harvard College Library. The same library has a Pitts broadside of the song (25242.2, fol. 96). "The Constant Pair or the Pretty Prentice Boy" is a different piece (Harvard College Library broadside, 25242.17, II, 91, V, 158; 25242.2, fols. 150, 250; 25242.10.5, fol. 67). — G. L. K.]

THE PRENTICE BOY

1. As low in Cupid's garden for pleasure I did walk
I heard two loyal lovers most sweetly for to talk
It was a briske yong lady and her prentice boy
And in private they were courting and he was all her joy
2. He said dear honord lady I am your prentice boy
How ever can I thinke a fair lady to enjoy
His cheeks as red as roses his humor kind and free
She said dear youth if ever I wed I'll surely mary thee.
3. But when her parents came this for to understand
They did this young man banish to some foreign land.
While she lay broken hearted lamenting she did cry
For my honest charming prentice a maid I'll live and die
4. This young man to a merchant a waiting man was bound
And by his good behaviour good fortune there he found
He soon became his butler which prompted him to faim
And for his careful conduct the steward he became

5. For a ticket in a lottery his money he put down
And there he gained a prize of twenty thousand pound
With store of gold and silver he packed up his close indeed
And to England returned to his true love with speed
6. He offered kind embraces but she flew from his arms
No lord duke or nobleman shall ever endure my charms
The love of gold is cursed great riches I decry
For my honest charming prentice a maid I'll live and die
7. He said dear honord lady I have been in your arms
This is the ring you gave me for toying in your charms
You vowed if ever you married your love I should enjoy
Your father did me banish I was your prentice boy
8. When she beheld his features she flew into his arms
With kisses out of measure she did enjoy his charms
Then so through Cupid's garden a road to church they found
And there in virtuous pleasure in hymen's band was bound.

FATHER GRUMBLE

(Reported in 1912 by Miss Jeanne Allen, as learned at Seneca, Kansas.)

[An English version was printed by Halliwell (*Nursery Rhymes of England*, Percy Society, 1842, pp. 32-33).¹ His text, however, does not give the old man a name, and the present copy, which calls him "Father Grumble," is valuable as attaching the piece more closely to the Scottish "John Grumlie." Allan Cunningham appears to have been the first person to print "John Grumlie" (*Songs of Scotland*, 1825, vol. ii, pp. 123-125).² He declared it to be "an old song and a favorite among the peasantry of Nithsdale." His copy, he averred, was from the recitation of George Duff, of Dumfries. The authorship has often been ascribed to Cunningham himself,³ but there seems to be no good reason to doubt that he found the song in traditional circulation. The English text, which does not appear to have been derived from Cunningham's printed text, is evidence of his *bona fides* in the matter. The theme is also well known in folk-lore.⁴

Besides "John Grumlie" and its English parallel, there are at least three poems on this subject, — (1) a fragment of a "Ballad of a

¹ [2d ed., pp. 43-45; 5th and 6th eds., pp. 150-151.]

² [Often reprinted. See Alexander Whitelaw, *Book of Scottish Song*, 1855, p. 464; Peter Ross, *Songs of Scotland*, 1871, p. 441 (3d ed., 1893, p. 441); J. Clark Murray, *Ballads and Songs of Scotland*, 1874, pp. 94-95; John D. Ross, *Celebrated Songs of Scotland*, New York, 1887, pp. 289-290; J. S. Blackie, *Scottish Song*, 1889, pp. 113-115; Robert Ford, *Vagabond Songs and Ballads of Scotland*, 2d series, 1901, pp. 46-49.]

³ [For example, by Ebsworth, *Roxburghe Ballads*, vii, 187.]

⁴ ["Manden som skulde stelle hjemme," Asbjørnsen and Moe, *Norske Folkeeventyr*, No. 43, 2d ed., 1852, pp. 264-267; translated by Dasent, "The Husband who was to Mind the House" (*Popular Tales from the Norse*, No. 39, 2d ed., 1859, pp. 310-312).]

Tyrannical Husband," preserved in a manuscript of the time of Henry VII in the Chetham Library, Manchester, and printed by Halliwell (*Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, II, 196-199);¹ (2) "The Wyf of Auchtermwchty," in the Bannatyne Manuscript, fols. 120 b-121 b (Hunterian Club edition, pp. 342-345);² (3) "The Woman to the Plow, And the Man to the Hen-Roost; Or, a fine way to cure a Cot-Queen," a broadside ballad entered June 22, 1629, and preserved in the Roxburghe, Pepys, and other collections (*Roxburghe Ballads*, ed. Ebsworth, VII, 185-187);³ (4) "The Churlish Husband turn'd Nurse," of which there are two nineteenth-century broadsides ("C. Croshaw, Printer, Coppergate, York") in the Harvard College Library (25242.2, fol. 113; 25242.10.5, fol. 201). No. 4 begins,—

Tis of an ancient farmer you'll hear without delay,
And he went out unto his plough upon a stormy day
The wind & rain did beat so hard he could no longer stay
But home he came like one stark mad and to his wife did say.⁴

—G. L. K.]

FATHER GRUMBLE

1. Father Grumble he did say,
As sure as the moss round a tree,
That he could do more work in a day
Than his wife could do in three, three,
Than his wife could do in three.
2. Then Mother Grumble she did say,
"O what's the row now?
You can stay in the house and work,
And I will follow the plow, plow,
And I will follow the plow.
3. "But don't forget the jar of cream
That stands within the frame, frame;
And don't forget the fat in the pot,
Or it will all go into flame, flame;
And don't forget the fat in the pot,
Or it will all go into flame.

¹ [Reprinted, in modernized spelling, by Harland (*Ballads and Songs of Lancashire*, 1865, pp. 1-8; ed. 1882, pp. 1-7).]

² [First printed (with some changes) by Allan Ramsay (*The Ever Green*, 1724, I, 137-143). See also Laing, *Select Remains of the Early Popular Poetry of Scotland*, 1822, No. 20; the same, ed. by John Small, 1885, pp. 337-343; Hurd, *Scots Songs*, 2d ed., 1776, II, 125-130 (ed. 1791, II, 237-241); Pinkerton, *Select Scottish Ballads*, 1783, II, 97-103; John Gilchrist, *A Collection of Ancient and Modern Scottish Ballads*, 1814, I, 322-326; Child, *English and Scottish Ballads*, VIII (1858), 116-121; Robert Ford, *Auld Scots Ballants*, 1889, pp. 143-148; *Scottish Ballad Poetry*, Abbotsford Series, ed. by G. Eyre-Todd, 1893, pp. 259-264.]

³ [Roxburghe, II, 534; Pepys, IV, 100; Euing, 397, 398; Crawford, No. 185 (see the Crawford Catalogue, p. 68).]

⁴ [This piece is also among the Roxburghe "slip-songs," III, 536 (see Ebsworth, *Roxburghe Ballads*, viii, 186).]

4. "Don't forget the muley-cow,
For fear she will go dry, dry;
And don't forget the little pigs
That lie within the sty, sty;
And don't forget the little pigs
That lie within the sty.
5. "Don't forget the speckled hen,
For fear she'll lay astray, astray;
And don't forget the skein of yarn
That I spin every day, day;
And don't forget the skein of yarn
That I spin every day."
6. He went to churn the jar of cream
That stood within the frame, frame;
And he forgot the fat in the pot,
And it all went into flame, flame;
And he forgot the fat in the pot,
And it all went into flame.
7. He went to milk the muley-cow,
For fear she would go dry, dry;
She reared, she kicked, she faunched, she flinched,
She hit him over the eye, eye;
She reared, she kicked, she faunched, she flinched,
She hit him over the eye.
8. He went to watch the speckled hen,
For fear she'd lay astray, astray;
And he forgot the skein of yarn
That she spun every day;
And he forgot the skein of yarn
That she spun every day.
9. Old Father Grumble coming in
And looking very sad, sad,
Old Mother Grumble clapped her hands
And said that she was very glad, glad;
Old Mother Grumble clapped her hands
And said that she was very glad.